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THE MENACE TO FREE DISCUSSION.

The opponents of the imperial policy in general, and of our unconstitutional Philippine war in particular, have good cause for congratulation in the outburst of fanatical intolerance which their defense of the fundamental principles of democratic civilization has recently evoked. This sort of bigotry, arrogating to itself the name of patriotism, might be a dangerous symptom in any body politic less organically sound than the American; but in our own case it may hardly be considered more serious than a severe fever that will run its course and pass away. The American public may for a time be deluded by dreams of empire and the imaginary duty of assuming "burdens," but we cannot believe that it has lapsed for good from the faith that has made our nation great, and we are quite certain that it is sound at heart where the great question of free speech and the expression of honest convictions is concerned.

The fever that is temporarily upon us should not, however, be left exactly to the *vis medicatrix naturæ* when its mitigation by rational appliances is possible, although one is strongly tempted so to leave it by certain of its manifestations. When, for example, it takes the fatuous form of denouncing as unpatriotic and even treasonable the attitude and the utterances of those whom sober-minded Americans most delight to honor — of such men as ex-Presidents Cleveland and Harrison, Senators Hoar and Edmunds, Bishops Potter and Spalding, Presidents Eliot and Rogers and Jordan, Professors James, Laughlin, and Sumner, and Messrs. Godkin, Schurz, and Charles Francis Adams — its very violence affords the best promise of a speedy recovery. One would hardly resent for himself any kind of epithet that associated him with such men as these; the attribution would arouse, rather than any personal feeling (save that of pride in the association), a sense of mingled indignation and contempt for those who could prefer so ridiculous a charge against so distinguished a company.

But the philosopher, however clearly he may foresee the outcome of the conflict, is not thereby justified in holding himself aloof from the field, when there is any possibility that his efforts may hasten the desired end. It is, then, quite impossible for us to pass by without comment certain recent exhibitions of the spirit of intolerance in dealing with the question that so gravely concerns our country at the present day. There are many indications of an attempt, tacitly or otherwise concerted, on the part of those who support the Philippine policy of the Administration, to terrorize its opponents into silence until the nation shall have become so far committed to its present course that withdrawal will be practically impossible. No one can examine with a candid mind the ephemeral literature of this subject without recognizing the fact that, broadly speaking, the appeal of the anti-imperialists is an appeal to reason, while the appeal of the imperialists is an appeal to sentiment, to prejudice, to passion, to everything, in a word, that is not reason or akin to it.

Things have come to a grave pass indeed, although we persist in regarding the aberration as merely temporary, when so many organs of public opinion have nothing better with which to meet the arguments of those who oppose our present administrative course than the old cry, "My country, right or wrong," and the studied use of invective. In the last analysis, this is the essential argument and this the characteristic method of the agencies that have rallied to the support of the war against the Philippine people as it was of those that rallied to the support of the war against Spain. Even the abusive term "copperhead," which has lost little of its virulence in the years that have passed since its invention, is now freely applied by reckless editors and clergymen to men of national reputation whose every word and deed has always been inspired by the loftiest ideals and the finest patriotism. There is no American now living, for example, who deserves better of his fellow-countrymen than Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, who represents more adequately the higher American conscience, just as Lowell and Curtis represented it when their voices were still raised in admonition and appeal; yet Mr. Norton, for his courage in giving utterance to his deepest convictions upon the events of the past year, has been subjected to violent denunciation, frantically undignified, and from every point of view unworthy of the traditions of American manhood.

A still more serious menace to the right of free discussion is afforded by the case of Mr. Edward Atkinson, now fresh in the public mind. Wanton calumny and wilful misrepresentation could not well go farther than they have done in this instance. Every intelligent American knows Mr. Atkinson to be a scholar of the highest distinction and a gentleman who illustrates the best type of American citizenship. Yet the newspaper press of the country has busied itself of late with the circulation of reports skilfully fabricated for the purpose of bringing him into disrepute. He has been charged with attempts to create sedition among our soldiers in the Philippine Islands by sending them pamphlets in which they are counselled to disobey orders and even to desert from the ranks. That such a story as this could be believed by any rational being is a significant illustration of the present excited temper of the public mind, and indicates a danger that should be faced before it assumes uncontrollable dimensions.

The simple facts of the case are these: Mr. Atkinson prepared two pamphlets in which his views of war in general, and of the present war in particular, were set forth with the cogent logic of which he is so complete a master. These pamphlets were introduced into the debates of Congress at its last session and printed as public documents of the United States government. About three weeks ago, "moved by a sense of profound indignation because it was said that parents of Nebraska volunteers in the Philippines were not allowed to communicate with their sons, and for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the United States mails were or were not open to the citizens of the United States residing in Manila," Mr. Atkinson notified the administration that he wished to send some pamphlets to the islands, and, receiving no reply, made a test case by posting copies of these pamphlets to Admiral Dewey, the chief officers of the army, and the members of the Peace Commission — to eight persons altogether. "If this be treason, make the most of it," Mr. Atkinson might well say, and a sensational newspaper press certainly has made the most of it. When we read that the Cabinet, in solemn conclave, has taken measures to exclude these pamphlets from the mails, we seem to be dealing with government as it is pictured in comic opera rather than as it is practised by a great nation. And when we recall the fact that the pamphlets thus excluded are public documents of the United States Senate, we may

get some notion of what Senator Hoar meant the other day when he spoke of taking up this subject upon some future occasion.

One more illustration of the existing menace to free discussion, and we have done. The meeting held in Chicago on the thirtieth of April for the purpose of protesting against the war in the Philippines was so notable for the sober dignity of the addresses made, for the deep earnestness with which they were received, and for the high character of the immense audience which the occasion brought together, that it made a profound impression upon the public mind. The presiding officer of this meeting was President Henry Wade Rogers, of the Northwestern University, and his special contribution to the programme was a statement of the Philippine question from the standpoint of international law, upon which he is an eminent authority. The conditions under which Dr. Rogers was placed invested his activity upon this occasion with an unusual degree of moral courage, and all fair-minded persons, whether they may agree with his opinions or not, will hold him higher in their esteem than ever before, just because he has convictions, and recognizes the duty of giving them utterance, whatever the cost. The way in which Dr. Rogers has been attacked, during the past fortnight, by ribald newspapers and hot-headed individuals, is perhaps the best illustration that has yet come to our notice of the malign influences that are now at work endeavoring to stifle free discussion by terrorism, and is certainly a disgrace to our civilization. But such an incident as this, however unpleasant to chronicle as it is at the time, is really a hopeful happening, and impels us to recur directly to what we would have our readers take for the keynote of the present discussion — namely: that with a public like ours, intolerance always reacts upon the intolerant, and prepares the way for its own discomfiture.

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THE KIPLING HYSTERIA.

Only the hardihood of intense conviction, coupled with a stern sense of duty, impels men, as a rule, to advance an opinion diametrically opposite to the general, at a time when that general opinion has developed into a cult, and a cult militant to boot. But there is always high need, in all matters human, of men who are willing to stand alone or with few at their side.

In the domain of letters proper there is perhaps no such constant necessity for this as in civics, politics, or religious affairs. Yet we note in literary annals how frequently the protesting voice of one period becomes the commanding voice of another. The voices of Wordsworth and Shelley, for example, though promulgating different protests and artistic preachments, combined to influence for the better the makers of English verse in the last half century. To less trivial themes, to loftier views of the function of Art, they directly and indirectly incited; and to a straightforwardness and simplicity of style, in the main, that reached its highest and most shining point in the calm work of Tennyson, concerning whom our best critical writer has said: "His alone are idiosyncratic poems. By the enjoyment or non-enjoyment of the 'Morte D'Arthur' or of the 'Œnone' I would test anyone's ideal sense. Other bards produce effects which are, now and then, otherwise produced than by what we call poems; but Tennyson, an effect which only a poem does."

Now we have recently been commanded by a storm of tongues to consider that the true poetic heir of Alfred the Great has arrived in the picturesque person of Rudyard Kipling. He has been acclaimed the laureate of the Anglo-Saxon race — which, however, as an ethnic entity has about as much vital value as Sairy Gamp's mysterious chum, Mrs. Harris; and a prodigious amount of hysterical and chimerical stuff has been written of him, and even to him, by disciples and imitators toward whom he doubtless entertains a feeling compound of *ennui* and contempt.

To this hysteria of unreasoned admiration, to this toy tempest of flatulent adulation, the dangerous illness of this forceful and brilliant writer has naturally given increase. But already signs of a reaction are appearing. Trained minds are beginning to question the new gospel of poesy and morals, art and ethics, as enunciated by and personified in this immensely clever and uniquely interesting Englishman. Dr. Felix Adler recently, while cheerfully admitting the talents of Kipling, dared to denounce his teaching as a gospel of force, pernicious in the extreme and antagonistic to the true spirit of democracy and of civilization. It is not, however, with Kipling's jingoism and frank cynicism toward inferior races, as the Apostle of Force, of Might against Right, that literature is concerned, except inasmuch as these essentially pagan and very antiquated sentiments might be shown to affect his art.

Since the writer of this was one of the first, if not the very first, of American reviewers to call attention to Kipling's powers as a composer of short stories, he cannot be accused of any animosity on this point. Indeed, he maintained stoutly the rare promise indicated in the early output, when other critics were deriding it, and even Mr. Howells — to adopt the amusing phrase of a New York journal — was "refusing Kipling a niche in the Temple of Fame," probably because Mr. Howells had been too lavish of his niches, and had n't any fresh ones on hand just then, with the varnish dry and warranted not to crack.

But how has that early promise been kept? Better than most early promises, beyond a doubt; yet, while in the realm of the short story Kipling stands with Cable and Bret Harte, can he sanely be said to overtop them; and has he as a presenter of human character come anywhere near Thackeray or George Eliot — to say nothing of Balzac? Stress is laid on the extraordinary familiarity he shows with the technics and terminologies of different occupations and trades. But all that sort of stuff can be easily "crammed." Any first-rate journalist will turn out a story on a subject of which he knew naught forty-eight hours before, if he can get access to a good library or even mingle socially for a few hours with men who have the terms of that subject at their tongue's end.

In the loftier region of poetry, what has Kipling done that should make him a laureate of the Anglo-Saxon race, even supposing there were such a thing? Can any calmly critical mind regard the "Barrack-Room Ballads" as more than clever ephemeralities, destined not even to the same place in future literary estimation as Lowell's "Biglow Papers" now hold? The "Last Chantey," though marred by several serious blemishes in technique, strikes a bold, high note, and makes a felicitous nuptial of the grotesque and sublime which would have delighted that master in similar effects, Edgar Poe. The "Mary Gloster," though somewhat too risqué, *virginibus puerisque*, is a piece of rare power; and some other things in like wise undoubtedly entitle Kipling to serious consideration as a poet.

But, on the other hand, are not the most of his verses on the same plane with the work of many minor English and American poets; and are not some, which have achieved wide popularity, echoes of other bards? Such phrases as "Euchred God Almighty's storm," "Bluffed the Eternal Sea," must have raised an amused and flattered smile on Bret Harte's face; and the metrical manner of "The Vampire" is that of Poe in his ballad of "Annabel Lee" — a rather bad manner, too, in some thinking, or, at least, one close to triviality. The phrase "hank of hair," by the bye, is "reminisced" from Browning's poem "James Lee's Wife."

As for the much-belauded "Recessional," while the sentiment, aside from laying claim to Jehovah as peculiarly the God of the English, is far healthier, saner, and more to the purpose of civilization, than much of Kipling's, who will seriously assert that so far as technique or style goes there are not a dozen Englishmen who could have put the case as well or better? Mr. Austin does n't count for much, of course, though that luckless official laureate has written some good verses; but, surely, Henley, or Rennell Rodd, has given earnest of better work than this. And if we may venture to consider critically that jingo jingle, "The White Man's Burden" entirely apart from its horrible cynical indifference to the plainest facts of modern history, what can be said in defense of its style? Taking the same measure as that of Heber's noble hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," to do which in itself seems like a covert sneer against the spirit of Christianity, the laureate of the Anglo-Saxon myth falls far behind the good, unlaurelled bishop in technique, as anyone can see by comparing the two productions. Heber's is double-rhymed, flowing, musical: and without rhetorical inversions of phrase. It leaves on the inner ear of the mind, as on the outer, a sense of beauty as well as a sense of benevolence. Kipling's is calculated to make those who "learn Messiah's name" learn it chiefly to curse with.

Must not a great poet be a reflector, at least, if not an inspirer, of the noblest passions of his age and of the unfolding spirit of general humanity?

How much nobler than anything Kipling has casually emitted in his glorifications of force or his clanging apotheoses of machinery, British muscle and British trade, are these quiet lines of Rennell Rodd — a name dimly known to his own countrymen, and not at all to us! Singing to future men of Future Man, this poet declares:

> "They shall build their new romances, new dreams of a world to be;
> Conceive a sublimer outcome than the end of the world we see;
> And their maids shall be pure as morning and their youth shall be taught no lie;
> But all shall be smooth and open to all men beneath the sky.
> And the shadow shall pass that we dwell in, till under the self-same sun
> The names of the myriad nations are writ in the name of one."

Not writ by the sword, O ye semi-civilized Apostles and Disciples of Force and Fraud, but by the pen. It is this lamentable large lack in the spirit, in the outlook and the insight, in the foresight, if you will, of the richly-endowed man of talent, now recipient of so much loose laudation in American-speaking lands, which moves a warm admirer of his talent, and of all talents, to assert that, unless that lack shall be remedied, he has not the making of a great, enduring poet. That he may break away from false ideals, and renounce bad literary manners, remains a hope. He is yet gloriously young, and to youth all things are possible.

HENRY AUSTIN.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PASSING OF THE MAN-POET.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the current issue of "The Nation," the reviewer of recent poetry rightly finds that the best of that poetry is by women. There is nothing surprising in this. It is more surprising that, as opinion trends, there should now be any poetry at all to speak of that is not by women. The fact is, men (manly men, I mean) are growing more and more shy of writing poetry, or at least of letting people know they do it, because they feel that a man making verses is more or less a ridiculous object. So if they do make verses it is usually *sub rosa*, in the secresy of their sanctums, and with every precaution against being caught red-handed in the act. Our age is practical. The sensibility that men used a hundred years ago to pride themselves on is nowadays looked on as a weakness — in men at least. Prose is felt to be the essentially masculine form of expression, and the more prosaic the prose the more masculine it is felt to be. The old lurking popular notion that there is something unmanly, or unmasculine, in the make-up of the poet has gained ground. As Justin McCarthy says somewhere, "A poet, with a great many people, seems a sort of woman." They expect to find him — as Chicago's acute thinker, "Mr. Dooley," expected to find Mr. Richard Harding Davis — "in a shirt-waist." They accept him grudgingly as a man, an all-round manly man, only on condition that his poetry is essentially good strong prose, virile prose cut up in lengths, like Mr. Kipling's. Their gorge rises at the notion of a big, brawny, bearded he-creature like Tennyson, with the frame of a coal-heaver and the face of a buccaneer, chirping about "Airy, fairy Lilian," crooning cradle-songs, or caterwauling in erotic strain over love and the moon. This current impression of a hard-fact, practical age — the impression, namely, that writing verse is an effeminate pursuit — has to be reckoned with by men who want to keep the respect of their ruggeder fellows. Will anyone deny that Mr. Lecky went down several pegs in the estimation of the practical world as a virile philosophic thinker the moment he shocked his friends with that ill-omened volume of verse? That the book contained proof positive that Mr. Lecky was *not* a poet did not much help the matter, for few people read it. In fine, the trend of opinion points to the eventual vanishing of the man-poet. This view will probably find small grace in your eyes; and to forestall rebuke I subscribe myself

PHILISTER.

Kansas City, May 10, 1899.

TENNYSON BIBLIOGRAPHIES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Within very recent years at least four noteworthy bibliographies of Tennyson's works have appeared: Dr. Van Dyke's in the Study of Tennyson (now in its tenth edition), Professor Dixon's in his Tennyson Primer, Lord Tennyson's in the Memoir, and Dr. Rolfe's in the Cambridge Tennyson. Students of the poet are under the greatest obligation to these workers, for they have given us a substantially correct and complete list of all his most important works. Especially must we who are unfortunately isolated from great libraries cherish the sense of personal gratitude for these guides through Tennyson land.

There is one respect, however, in which these otherwise excellent guides are likely to lead the special student astray: they give so much that they tempt us to believe they give all. But this they do not do. For example, no one mentions a later edition of the "Poems" than the eighth, published in 1853, and having mentioned so many the natural inference is that this eighth edition was the last. The mind is lead almost unavoidably to this conclusion in following the very full lists of Dr. Van Dyke and Professor Dixon, where completeness seems to be aimed at. But the fact is, however, that between the year 1853, when the eighth edition was published, and the year 1872, when according to Professor Dixon the next edition appeared, there were issued no less than eleven editions, as follows: the ninth in 1853, the tenth in 1855, eleventh in 1856, twelfth in 1858, thirteenth in 1860, fourteenth in 1862, fifteenth in 1863, sixteenth in 1864, seventeenth in 1865, eighteenth in 1866, and the unnumbered edition by Strahan & Co. in 1870. These are all, except the last, from the same (Moxon) press as the earlier editions; are numbered as above; and corrections and additions, slight to be sure, are found in most of them; so that they deserve a place in a complete bibliography.

What is true of the "Poems" is equally true of "The Princess," "In Memoriam," "Maud," and the "Idylls of the King." Professor Dixon mentions no later edition of "In Memoriam" than the fourth published in 1851, nor any later of "The Princess" than the fifth in 1853, nor any later of "Maud" than the second in 1856. But there are many later editions, not mere reprints but numbered editions usually with alterations. Of "In Memoriam" there are at least eighteen editions, of "The Princess" seventeen, and of "Maud" fourteen. Some of these later editions are of much importance,— for example, the sixth of "In Memoriam."

Excellent as are these lists already published, still it is evident that an exhaustive bibliography of Tennyson's works is a desideratum.

ALBERT E. JACK.

Lake Forest University, May 8, 1899.

BOND AND FREE.

Head downward, brutelike, pent in selfish ways
Who wanders stumbling, shall decry at best
The vision shattered, meaningless, confused:
Kosmos, for him, to Chaos turned again.
And ever as the pathway onward runs
The life and color vanish from the scene.
If he had comrades, mute they slip away
Into the shadow as the twilight nears.
Companionless and dreaded is the dusk:
Grimmer and closer steals the spectre pale.

But he who seeks and holds the bench assigned,
Although it be the lowest, straightway feels
His straining muscles keep harmonious time
To the great pulse that bears the galley on.
His foamswept porthole rims a glorious world.
With every passing hour the vision clears,
A simpler meaning linking all to each.
Sped by his stroke — with those who toil beside —
Triumphant fares the great ship past the shores
Of time, upon the path to wider ways.
Perchance, in happiest hours, he wins a glimpse
Of that unmeasured curve whereon we sweep
Through countless æons toward the goal undreamed.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON.

The New Books.

MR. MURRAY'S BYRON.*

It is now many years since Matthew Arnold, speaking of Wordsworth and of Byron, made his somewhat bold prophecy: "When the year 1900 is turned, and our nation comes to recount her poetic glories in the century which has then just ended, the first names with her will be these." This was said at a time when something was still to be expected from Tennyson and Browning and Lowell, and when Kipling was but a boy of sixteen. We are now very near the date referred to, and already the achievements of the nineteenth century seem to recede in rapidly diminishing perspective. Partly, doubtless, owing to the influence of Arnold himself, English (or Anglo-American) criticism is less provincial than formerly, and consequently saner and less intolerant. Byron is coming to hold some such place in our estimate as he has long held in the estimate of the "Amphictyonic Council of European opinion" which Arnold used to appeal to. He is no longer without honor even in his own country. It seems a piece of justice which may fitly be called poetic, that now, in the closing year of the century, a John Murray in Albemarle Street should be engaged in the publication, on the most generous scale, of the complete works of Lord Byron.

Nearly two years ago I spoke in these columns† of Mr. W. E. Henley's interesting first volume of an edition of Byron. Inasmuch as no second volume has been issued, it may be presumed that the project has been dropped. Considering the greater completeness and attractiveness of Mr. Murray's edition, the withdrawal of Mr. Henley from the field is on the whole not greatly to be regretted. Could he be prevailed upon to utilize his materials in another way, and to devote his great talents to the writing of a definitive biography of Byron, including a critical survey of the work and an estimate of the genius of the poet, Mr. Henley would be doing us a greater service than by persisting in the production of an edition which must inevitably take a secondary place. It appears that Mr. Murray has at command great masses of unpublished Byron manuscripts which are being utilized for the present edition. Thus, while Mr. Henley's volume contains 231 letters, Mr. Murray's two volumes, covering the same period, contain 379. The text varies considerably in detail, and there are some passages omitted by Henley and restored in the present edition. It is to be presumed that these passages, which often contain some freedom of expression, are restored from originals to which Mr. Henley was denied access; but one is puzzled to find some such free expressions in Henley's text which are omitted in Murray's. There are two instances of this in the letter to Drury of June 25, 1809.

Mr. Prothero, the editor of the "Letters and Journals," informs us that a bundle of letters from Byron's father "still exists, to attest, with startling plainness of speech, the strength of the tendencies which John Byron transmitted to his son." The only passage containing an allusion to the child is printed here; but why not print them all? It would be absurd to suppress them at this time of day on account of their "startling plainness of speech." In an age when even novelists deem it necessary to invent pedigrees for their heroes, the suppression of a "human document" of such interest as these letters is a sheer anachronism. Nothing that advances our knowledge of man should be withheld. Moreover, in the present instance the suppression is a wrong to the poet's memory, which would surely be held in greater honor could we know more about "his birth's invidious bar." They would form quite as appropriate an appendix as do the letters of Bernard Barton or of Lady Caroline Lamb.

For Mr. Prothero's editing of the Letters I have little but praise. He is vigilant, judicious, and — barring a few minor slips — accurate. His notes are not masterpieces of characterization like many of Mr. Henley's, nor have they the defects incident to the latter's lively temper and positive opinions. Mr. Prothero's notes are very full — perhaps as full as Mr. Henley's: they are never obtrusive or impertinent, and they often contain information not supplied by the earlier editor. Most of the notes are biographical; no one is mentioned in the letters about whom something is not told us. The same is true of Mr. Coleridge's edition of the early poems. These notes will make this edition a mine of information concerning Byron's friends and contemporaries. Sometimes information given by Mr. Prothero is repeated by

*THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON. A New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition. With illustrations. Letters and Journals: Volumes I. and II. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero, M.A., formerly Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. Poetry: Volume I. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†See THE DIAL, September 1, 1897.

Mr. Coleridge, and there is no system of cross-references to notes on the same subject. Thus, in Volume II. of the "Letters and Journals" there is a long note, beginning at page 314, on Monk Lewis. At page 356 there is a short note concerning him; and at page 317 of the Poems Mr. Coleridge gives another biography of Lewis, *apropos* of the reference to him in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." We can only trust that it is the intention of the editors to enable the reader to coördinate all these notes by means of an index at the end of the whole work; but even with an index a system of cross-references is a time-saver, particularly in a work like this of many volumes. Of Mr. Coleridge's work I will only say that it seems to be well done, although his scrupulosity in giving variant readings for the "Hours of Idleness" seems a bit pedantic. Variant readings to poems that are themselves of no human interest, except as having been written by a great poet in the nonage of his muse, might surely be dispensed with. If the dulness of the verse is mortal, these variants give us "superfluous death." Encouraged by such a fatal example, some candidate for University honors may any day present us with an *apparatus criticus* to the "Poems of Two Brothers," or a variorum edition of "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire"!

In the Preface to the Letters, Mr. Prothero sets forth three special grounds on which they appeal "to all lovers of English literature." "They offer," he asserts, "the most suggestive commentary on his poetry; they give the truest portrait of the man; they possess, at their best, in their ease, freshness, and racy vigor, a very high literary value." Every one of these assertions may be true, but I, for one, cannot accept them without question. Perhaps a brief examination of them here may be at least suggestive. Let us select one or two passages which are good samples of what we find by way of commentary on the poems. Byron writes laconically to Murray under date of September, 1813:

"*Dear Sir*, — Pray suspend the proofs for I am bitten again and have quantities for other parts of *The Giaour*."

Again in November to Moore, with reference this time to "The Bride of Abydos":

"All convulsions end with me in rhyme; and to solace my midnights, I have scribbled another Turkish story — not a Fragment — which you will receive soon after this. It does not trench upon your kingdom in the least, and if it did, you would soon reduce me to my proper boundaries. You will think, and justly, that I run some risk of losing the little I have gained in fame, by this further experiment on public patience; but I have really ceased to care on that head. I have written this and published it, for the sake of the *employment*, — to wring my thoughts from reality, and take refuge in 'imaginings,' however 'horrible'; and as to success! those who succeed will console me for a failure — excepting yourself and one or two more, whom luckily I love too well to wish one leaf of their laurels a tint yellower. This is the work of a week, and will be the reading of an hour to you, or even less, — and so let it go . . ."

The curious interest of many passages of which these are favorable examples is undeniable. If merely these two were from the hand of Sophocles or of Shakespeare and had relation to works of theirs, a certain number of interesting inferences might be drawn from them. They are sufficient to show that the author is probably on good terms with his publisher and with one or two rival poets; that he writes rapidly and is apt to be seized, at inconvenient moments, with the impulse to make additions and alterations; that he puts, or affects to put, a modest estimate upon what he writes, and is willing to be thought to have "ceased to care" for fame; that there is something in his life which he does not enjoy thinking about and so writes to solace his midnights; — these inferences might fairly be drawn, and in default of other evidence many others would doubtless be made, and would have more or less weight according to one's faith in the truthfulness of the writer. Inferences like these, when abundantly supported by external evidence, are doubtless contributions to biographical knowledge, and so to our knowledge of man. But in what important respect do they supply a commentary upon the poems in question? Do we appreciate the "Giaour" or the "Bride" one whit the better for knowing these things, or from knowing that the author chose to assert them? Does not the poetry of Byron find its best commentary in the events and the conditions of the time in which he lived? Is not the character of its author writ large upon every page of it? Are not the self-revelations Byron gives us in his poetry incomparably deeper and truer than those given by the Letters?

This is of course not the place for anything like a satisfactory examination of such questions as these. In going over the Letters once more, they have presented themselves to me more and more obstinately. Not that I would for a moment deny the very great interest of the Letters; but who can fail to see that, in comparison with the poetry, the Letters are superficial and external? Still, the true Byron is here, — there can be no doubt of it; and the true Byron none the less that he is often un-

true to his better self. Here are Byron's flippant wit, his impatience, his rebellious temper, his foible of taking his *rôle* at times for reality, — of forgetting himself at moments in the part he fancies he plays. Tangled in with this complex skein we descry traits of penetrating insight, of English moderation and good sense, of delicate generosity, of self-forgetful friendliness. In order to perceive all this, one must have some faith in the man and not be so hasty as to mistake a passing cloud for the sun's eclipse. In order to know Byron for the manly fellow he is, one must have the tact to take him off his guard. The moment he fancies the eye of the world fixed curiously upon him, he becomes self-conscious; and what follows is too apt to be something for which there is no one sufficient English word, but which the French expressively term *grimace*. The sad misconception that some have fallen into, that Byron is a hollow personage — one chiefly histrionic — may be partly due to unsympathetic and undiscriminating reading of his Letters and Journals. The quite external things they record need to be related by the reader to other things that are not recorded, — to a thousand causes that are not disclosed to the casual or impatient reader. In brief, an exercise of imagination is required in order to create the true, deep, living Byron from the data furnished by the Letters. Letters, journals, anecdotes, show him as he looked,— not altogether as he was. They show Byron in two dimensions; an effort of creative imagination may body him forth in three dimensions.

To claim "a very high literary value" for these Letters implies the ascription to them of qualities by virtue of which they would retain an interest quite independent of their authorship. In the time of Madame de Sévigné, letter-writing was a branch of fine art, and her letters belong to literature as undeniably as do the "Characters" of La Bruyère. Madame de Sévigné is at her best in her letters; Byron is, in a literary sense, pretty nearly at his worst in his. He dashed them off at the last moment before going to bed in the small hours, and they commonly show the low spirits of a man jaded with pleasure, bored by society, or exhausted by production. "I am dull and drowsy, as usual. I do nothing, and even that nothing fatigues me." Confidences like these would be worse than tedious coming from a person otherwise unknown. Such things are the mere expression of the momentary mood, or even excuses for slap-dash brevity. Byron seldom takes pleasure in writing a letter, but writes the necessary things in the tersest terms. His letters to Murray often have the ring of a skipper giving orders in the teeth of a gale. Not that he is morose, but dead tired: one fairly sees him fling pen on table and himself into bed. When he chances to be in high spirits, as he occasionally is, he lets himself run on in an amusing if not always a becoming style. The anecdotage of the Letters strikes one as not especially tasteful; and the philosophy is that of one who says in his haste that all men are liars,— and other things almost as bad! The letters written during his travels in the East are for the most part extremely summary, not to say perfunctory. There is absolutely nothing of that loving and lingering description which delights us in the letters written from Italy by Shelley just ten years later. There are, indeed, two long letters of Byron to his mother, — one from Gibraltar giving some account of his adventures with the women of Spain; another describing his visit to Ali Pacha. To judge from the Letters, the incident of his travels to which he attached the greatest importance was his exploit of swimming the Hellespont, which he refers to in at least ten different letters. It is obvious that he was reserving all his art for "Childe Harold," which is the real diary of his voyage, and to which the Letters furnish but a lean commentary.

The volumes before us contain only the Letters down to the end of 1813, when Byron had not yet completed his twenty-fifth year. Those that are to come will be in most respects more interesting, and the great numbers of unpublished ones are looked forward to with some curiosity. When this beautiful edition is once completed, we shall be for the first time in a position to form something like a true image of what the man Byron really was. By that time, too, it is to be hoped, a truer estimate of Byron the poet will prevail. Re-read to-day, his poetry seems singularly fresh,— partly, doubtless, by reason of the fashionable neglect of it. That it has some saving qualities, I believe: but this is a large subject which must be reserved for a later article.

MELVILLE B. ANDERSON.

THE "Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution" for the year 1896–97 has just come from the Government Printing Office, and is a volume of nearly seven hundred pages. Six hundred of these are papers of the highest value upon a great variety of scientific subjects, by the most eminent specialists of America and Europe.

The Writings of President Monroe.*

Historically, the new interest that has sprung up in the writings of our early statesmen is a most encouraging feature of our intellectual life. Politically, we do not feel so confident. It is indeed difficult to judge in such matters; but we cannot lay aside the belief that the new interest belongs much more to students, teachers, and writers of history, than to our politicians and statesmen. Still, if this is the case it does not follow that the new interest will not touch and influence politics; for the work of the scholars and writers, through their own writings and the men that they send out from the colleges and universities, is sure to enter more or less into the circles of political life.

The list of splendid editions of the works of early American statesmen that the Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have brought out within the last few years, beginning with Alexander Hamilton and closing for the time with James Monroe, has immediately prompted the foregoing remarks. Some of these editions have been second or third ones, although generally or always more complete than the earlier editions; others are wholly new. This is the case with this last candidate for the public favor: no collection of the writings of Monroe until now had ever apppeared. In view of his long and successful career of more than fifty years, this seems not a little strange. Monroe was a gallant soldier in the Revolution; served in the legislature and executive council of Virginia; sat in the Old Congress and in the National Senate; was twice governor of his native state; represented his country in France, Spain, and England; was a prominent member of President Madison's cabinet; was twice president himself, and finally retired from the public view as he laid down the presidency of the convention which sat in 1829–30 to revise the constitution of Virginia. And yet, as President Gilman said in the introduction to his useful biography:

"No adequate memoir of his life has been written; and while the papers of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Madison — his four predecessors in the office of president — have been collected and printed in a convenient form, the student of Monroe's career must search for the data in numerous public documents and in the unassorted files of unpublished correspondence."

We offer no explanation of this strange fact, although we shall presently state a circumstance that may suggest a part of the explanation. But now the reproach, whatever the cause may have been, is about to be removed; we have the first two volumes of an edition of Monroe that promises to be all that our historical scholars and public men could reasonably expect. The materials to draw upon, the editor thus describes:

"Monroe has left material in the shape of notes, together with a large collection of letters from and to the most distinguished men of this and other countries. In the early period, while in congress, his correspondence with Jefferson and Madison is the most conspicuous. With both, for nearly the whole of his life, he maintained relations of great confidential intercourse, and was closely connected with them in many important official trusts. Such intercourse led to a constant interchange of intelligence, opinions, and views, resulting in an immense mass of correspondence and documentary history. That which marks the period of the War of 1812 is of great importance in exhibiting the untiring zeal and patriotism that lightened the public councils of the nation during that gloomy period. The letters written during his missions to France, Spain, and England, contain instructive lessons to students in American diplomacy."

Of the places where these materials are found, he tells us:

"The greater part of this collection was acquired by Congress from Monroe's heirs, under an appropriation of $20,000 by Act approved March 3, 1849. These manuscripts are now deposited in the Bureau of Rolls and Library of the Department of State, handsomely mounted and bound and calendared; others are in our greater libraries and familiar archives, and many yet remain in the hands of individual owners. From the greater collection this edition is substantially drawn; but generous and cordial responses from other sources have enabled me to include many of the scattered papers."

The first volume consists mainly of letters. The series opens with one to Washington dated June 28, 1778, and closes with one to Jefferson, June 6, 1794,— dates which will suggest to the reader that the series does not cover the most important events of Monroe's life. And yet many interesting transactions are included within these two dates. We may mention in particular the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Monroe was a member of the Virginia convention that ratified the Constitution, and, as is well known, took the wrong side; but this he did in a manner thoroughly consonant with the general tenor of his mind and life, — that is, with moderation. The letters that deal with these matters, especially those to Jefferson, while they perhaps do not yield new light, are nevertheless interesting reading. Writing to Jefferson, then in Paris, April 10, 1788, Mon-

* The Writings of James Monroe. Including a collection of his public and private papers and correspondence, now for the first time printed. Edited by Stanislas Murray Hamilton. Volumes I. and II., 1778–1796. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

roe sums up the situation as he sees it at the time, with these words:

"The event of this business is altogether incertain, as to its passage thro the Union. That it will nowhere be rejected admits of little doubt. And that it will ultimately, perhaps in 2 or three years terminate in some wise and happy establishment for our country, is what we have good reason to expect."

On July 12 of the same year, after the Virginia ratification, he explains to the same correspondent that it is really a conditional ratification, and offers some remarks upon the course pursued throughout by Washington:

"The conduct of Genl. Washington upon this occasion has no doubt been right and meritorious. All parties had acknowledged defects in the federal system, and been sensible of the propriety of some material change. To forsake the honorable retreat to which he had retir'd, & risque the reputation he had so deservedly acquired, manifested a zeal for the public interest, that could after so many and illustrious services, & at this stage of his life, scarcely have been expected from him. Having, however, commenc'd again on the publick theatre, the course which he takes becomes not only highly interesting to him but likewise so to us: the human character is not perfect; if he partakes of those qualities which we have too much reason to believe are almost inseparable from the frail nature of our being, the people of America will perhaps be lost. Be assured his influence carried this government; for my own part I have a boundless confidence in him, nor have I any reason to believe he will ever furnish occasion for withdrawing it. More is to be apprehended if he takes a part in the public councils again, as he advances in age, from the designs of those around him than from any disposition of his own."

The two appendices, together making some ninety pages, contain the two forms of a pamphlet on the Constitution that Monroe laid before his constituents on the eve of the Virginia convention, the first one of which, however, was never published.

Volume II., consisting also of correspondence, covers the three years 1794–5–6. Events now move much more rapidly than before; for Monroe is the minister plenipotentiary of his country in Paris, which is seething with all the interests and passions of the Revolution. The first letter is from Randolph to Monroe, conveying Washington's instructions; the last one, from Monroe to Pickering, Secretary of State, just before the minister's recall from the embassy. The threatening relations of the two republics are all the time at the front, but other important questions — as Jay's Treaty, and the negotiations with the Barbary States and Spain — are not far in the background. The letters are nearly all addressed to the Secretary of State and Washington, the French Committee of Public Safety and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Madison and Jefferson. Notes are more frequent than in the previous volume. The editor will find a provoking blunder in the "Contents": the letters to Madison and the Secretary of State have changed places (pp. 456, 460). The value of both volumes is enhanced by "annals" of Monroe's life, which materially assist the reader in keeping track of contemporary events.

The place that President Monroe will hold in history is already settled, at least so far as his general classification is concerned. Particular facts in his life may become more significant or less significant as time goes on; these Writings will more fully illuminate his public career; but nothing can occur that will advance him to the first rank among our statesmen, or relegate him to the third rank. In this sense he is a second-rate man, standing well up in his class. This is the circumstance referred to above as possibly tending to explain why his works have never before been published. To us, the most interesting feature in his long and useful life is his thorough comprehension of the problem of the territorial integrity of the Nation, what it involved, and the policies by which it must be maintained. One interesting instance or proof of this comprehension is covered by the opening volume: namely, his opposition, in common with Southern men generally, to any surrender or yielding of our rights on the Mississippi, at the time of Jay's unsuccessful negotiations with Gardoqui. The remarks that we had intended to offer on this interesting topic, however, may well be held in reserve until the progress of the publication brings further evidence of the same comprehension before us. B. A. Hinsdale.

Illustrations of the Modern Play.*

Some people like to read plays,— but on the whole, in this country at least, they are in a minority. There are not nearly so many people who enjoy reading a play they have not seen, as enjoy reading a novel. This is in some respects a little singular. We may remember how stupid Alice thought her sister's book because it had no conversations. Now, a play is all conversation. We shall remember too, probably, if we try to think, that most people dislike in novels — and therefore skip — descriptions, whether studies of scenery or analyses of char-

*Modern Plays. First volumes. The Dawn, by Emile Verhaeren, translated by Arthur Symons. The Storm, by Alexander Ostrovsky, translated by Constance Garnett. Alladine and Palomides, Interior, The Death of Tintagiles; by Maurice Maeterlinck; translated by Alfred Sutro and William Archer. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel Co.

acter. A play leaves character and scenery, when you read it, largely to the tender mercies of our imagination. In fact, a play has a great deal that we like in a novel, and it does not have a good deal that we do not like. Why, then, should not people like to read plays?

One thing that may have something to do with the matter is that the drama is not, in America, an entirely recognized branch of literature, or rather of contemporary literature. Say what we will of what ought to be, the fact is that it is not, taking the general conception of literature which commonly obtains. When we think of current literature, we think of novels, poems, essays, histories, but not of plays. This may be a cause or an effect of people's not reading plays; it would take too long to determine which.

Abroad, the drama is far more a recognized branch of literature. In America there are certainly several novelists and poets who have now and then cast their work in dramatic form, but as a rule it is merely for their own amusement, or as an experiment, or as a wholly minor matter. Nor do these dramatic pieces see the stage except in private. On the other hand, our dramatists do not publish their plays: they write for the stage, and not for book form. Thus, although we may hear that "Secret Service" or "Nathan Hale" has "literary quality," or "is literature," or something of the sort, yet there is no good way of knowing anything about it.

To some degree, the matter is different in England. There, two of the popular playwrights, Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones, publish their plays; and so do two of the non-popular, Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Davidson. Still, even in England the matter does not go quite as far as it does on the Continent. In Germany and France, in Norway and Belgium, we have the spectacle, curious to us, of men of letters of commanding reputations both at home and abroad being dramatists, and generally dramatists successful on the stage. Hence there is more point in translating foreign plays than there would be in translating English plays. English and American plays are not as a rule significant of anything except the popular taste; Continental plays often are. Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Rostand, Sudermann, Hauptmann, these are representative names, as representative almost as any in contemporary letters that could be found.

Thus, although we may not think of it at once, a series like "Modern Plays," of which the first three volumes are before us, offers us something which we may well be really glad to have. Plays have been as a rule less translated than novels. We can, it is true, read almost all of Ibsen or Maeterlinck in English, but we can read only a play or two of Hauptmann, Sudermann, Rostand, and generally nothing at all by many lesser men whose work yet has a good deal of interest. The plays chosen for translation in this series have a good deal of interest: there are also a number of interesting plays which are not so far announced. Thus, it is good to have something by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and of Emile Verhaeren, especially if one likes to read Maeterlinck: we get thereby a better idea of the tendencies of dramatic writing. But I cannot see why we have nothing in the list by the German dramatists; even if the work of the strongest men is to appear elsewhere, there are other plays, like Ernst Rosmer's "Konigskinder" or Fulda's "Talisman," to show that there are dramatists in Germany as well as in Belgium or Norway or Russia.

But to turn to the plays that are translated, instead of carping about those that are not. Of the three volumes issued, "The Storm," by Ostrovsky, is probably the greatest stranger to all not especially acquainted with Russian literature. It is a modern play in the same sense in which we might call "La Dame aux Camélias" modern; it was written about the same time. But of course mere chronology does not settle such a matter: we think of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" as being "modern" in a sense in which "David Copperfield" and "Pendennis" are not, although the three come in the same decade. Still, I rather think that "The Storm" is of about the same generation as "Fathers and Sons" or "War and Peace," which means that, however good in itself, it is hardly significant of contemporary thought.

Good in itself the play is. Realism has lost a little of its fascination for us, partly through self-consciousness and its consequences. A realist nowadays can hardly help being self-conscious, can he? Mr. Gissing shows genius in not being so. Ostrovsky wrote before realism was fashionable, and it is therefore refreshing to read his play. Something has been said as to its value in psychology and its reflecting the life of Russia. On the whole, so far as those matters are concerned, I should be more interested in the work of a psychologist, or of a traveller, say. In reading a play, I like it to be chiefly a play. This "The Storm" is, what-

ever else, although, as Miss Garnett remarks, it is delightfully untheatrical.

"The Dawn," by Emile Verhaeren, I am not inclined to value very highly. There are undoubtedly some rather stirring things about its method,— for instance, the curious handling of the Groups which "act as a single person of multiple and contradictory aspects." There are other things, too; but if you ask for more than method, I think you will find the play strangely vague and illusory. It is a curious thing that when writers are dealing with Revolution they prefer to deal in sounding generalities. It was so in "The Revolt of Islam," in "The Tragic Comedians," in "The Princess Casamassima." You hear of wonderful things, but you get small idea of what these things really are. Something of this difficulty exists in "The Dawn." Now in real life when we get a leader of the people who deals only with phrases we call him a demagogue. I am not able to offer evidence that Jacques Hérénien was a greater man than Cleon or Dennis Kearney, although I think that was M. Verhaeren's idea.

The "Three Plays" of Maeterlinck have been translated before; indeed, two of them in this volume are reprinted. They are, however, excellent plays to have in the series, for they are very characteristic. "Alladine and Palomides" is representative of a romantic class consisting otherwise of "Pélléas and Mélisande" and "Aglavaine and Sélysette." "Interior" represents the realistic class to which belong "The Intruder" and "The Blind." "The Death of Tintagiles" hardly represents any class, although there is a good deal in it that reminds one of the fourth act of "The Princess Maleine." Still, I always think of the play by itself: I think it has always been my favorite. The romantic plays I cannot persuade myself to care for, except in a literary way. The realistic plays I certainly do like, in spite of their symbolism. It might seem that a play which, like "The Death of Tintagiles," combined the drawbacks of both, would be less agreeable than either. On the contrary, as I have said, I like it better than the others, possibly because it is more purely characteristic of its author.

"Modern Plays" then, are so far interesting; and from the announcements it would seem that the rest would be so. One thing at least may be said: Here are plays that you can probably never see on the stage; if you want to know about them you will have to trust to the books.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

RUSKIN, ROSSETTI, PRÆRAPHAELITISM.*

The publication of private correspondence should have its reason not merely in the fact that the writers were persons of distinction, but also in some intrinsic charm of the letters, or in their relation to particular time, influence, or social conditions. To students of the English romantic movement, the volume "Ruskin, Rossetti, Præraphaelitism"— a collection of letters and other papers, edited by Mr. W. M. Rossetti — cannot fail to be of interest, but even they will hardly claim for its publication such ideal apology. The names are distinguished indeed, but there is no special grace of writing, and the matter — with certain notable exceptions, which constitute about a fourth of the volume — is either purely personal or of small importance, while the connection, even of the excepted fourth, with Præraphaelite principles and history is but slightly apparent save to those already familiar and concerned with them. It is for such, perhaps, that the book is intended; certainly they will be its close readers, and they will probably find in the more important passages an excuse, at least, for the publication of the whole.

The papers — which include, besides letters, a few miscellaneous items, and fragments from the diaries of Madox Brown and W. M. Rossetti — belong to the period between 1854 and 1862. Among the most interesting — as one who knows his Ruskin might expect — are Ruskin's letters to Rossetti, which suggest keenly the writer's character and beliefs. Their criticism is, as a rule, concerned with Rossetti's own work, but once or twice becomes quite general in application. In a letter of 1854 — with regard to some ordered sketches — the critic preaches thus to the young painter:

"Now about myself and your drawings. I am not more sure of anything in this world (and I am very positive about a great many things) than that the utmost a man can do is that which he can do without effort. All beautiful work — singing, painting, dancing, speaking — is the *easy* result of long and painful practice. *Immediate* effort always leads to shrieking, blotching, posturing, mouthing. If you send me a picture in which you try to do your best, you may depend upon it it will be beneath your proper mark of power, and will disappoint me. If you make a careless couple of sketches, with bright and full colour in them, you are sure to do what will please me. . . . I don't say this in the slightest degree out of delicacy, to keep you from giving me too much time. If I really liked the laboured sketch better, I would take it at once. I tell you the plain truth —

*RUSKIN, ROSSETTI, PRÆRAPHAELITISM: Papers — 1854 to 1862. Arranged and edited by William Michael Rossetti. Illustrated in photogravure. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

and I always said the same to Turner — 'If you will do me a drawing in three days, I shall be obliged to you; but if you take three months to do it, you may put it behind the fire when it is done.' And I should have said precisely the same thing to Tintoret or any other *very* great man. I don't mean to say you oughtn't to do the hard work. But the laboured picture will always be in part an *exercise* — not a result. You oughtn't to do many careless or slight works, but you ought to do them sometimes; and, depend upon it, the whole cream of you will be in them."

Equally in character are Ruskin's scattered bits of technical criticism, whether on matters artistic or matters literary; for example, his plea, after reading some of Rossetti's translations from the Italian, "for entire clearness of modern and unantiquated expression"; or, again, the following bit of advice — in a letter to Miss Siddal — regarding the use of color:

"Work as much as possible in colour. I do not care whether they be separate drawings or illuminations, but try always to sketch with colour rather than with pencil only — I mean so far as is agreeable to you. The slightest blot of blue or green is pleasanter to me than a whole month's work with chalk or ink."

Whatever it may have been at a later time, Ruskin's attitude toward Rossetti is here one of extreme friendliness and admiration, — proved by a delicate liberality, not only to Rossetti himself, but also to Miss Siddal, to whom the painter was then affianced. In an early letter — one almost too intimate to be quoted — he puts his buying in a way which is at once airy and earnest. He says:

"Thus then it stands. It seems to me that, amongst all the painters I know, you on the whole have the greatest genius, and you appear to me also to be — as far as I can make out — a very good sort of person. I see that you are unhappy and that you can't bring out your genius as you should. It seems to me then the proper and necessary thing, if I can, to make you more happy, and that I should be more really useful in enabling you to paint properly and keep your room in order than in any other way."

Of the letters written by Rossetti, only two are of special importance, the others, indeed, giving occasional glimpses of his character, but revealing nothing more than has been revealed in correspondence heretofore published. These two — addressed to Mr. Charles Eliot Norton — contain news which takes us back into the very midst of a group of ardent young romanticists. The first — dated July, 1858 — gives an account of the tempora painting, now perished, in the Union Debating Hall at Oxford. It is difficult to select passages for quotation, but the following will perhaps be most suggestive:

"I may now go on to tell you something about the Oxford pictures. I dare say that you know that the building is one by Woodward — the Debating Room of the Union Society. Its beauty and simple character seemed to make it a delightful receptacle for wall paintings, and accordingly a few of us thought we would decorate it, as an experiment in a style to which I, for one, should like to devote the whole of my time better than to any other branch of art. With the exception of Arthur Hughes and myself, those engaged upon it have made there almost their *début* as painters; they are Edward Jones, W. Morris (of whom you saw some stories in the O(xford) and C(ambridge) Mag(azine), and who, I think, must have sent you his volume of poems, Spencer Stanhope, Pollen, and V. C. Prinsep. Jones's picture is a perfect masterpiece, as is all he does. His subject in the series (which you know is from the Mort Arthur) represents Merlin being imprisoned beneath a stone by the Damsel of the Lake.

"My own subject . . . is Sir Launcelot prevented by his sin from entering the chapel of the San Grail. He has fallen asleep before the shrine full of angels, and between him and it rises, in his dream, Queen Guenevere, the cause of all. She stands gazing at him, with her arms extended in the branches of an apple-tree. As a companion to this I shall paint a design, which I have made for the purpose, of the attainment of the San Grail by Launcelot's son Galahad, together with Bors and Percival. . . . The works, you know, are all very large—the figures considerably above life-size, though at their heighth from the ground they hardly look so. I trust, when the work is finished, you will see it some day. There is no work like it for delightfulness in the doing, and none, I believe, in which one might hope to delight others more according to his powers."

The second letter to Professor Norton — written in January, 1862 — tells of "the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co., Art workmen," and encloses a prospectus. Burne-Jones is again mentioned, and this time with a prophecy which has long been fulfilled. *Apropos* of the new firm, Rossetti says:

"Our commissions as yet are chiefly in stained glass, but I wish you could see a painted cabinet with the history of St. George, and other furniture of great beauty which we have in hand. . . . Morris, and Webb the architect, are our most active men of business as regards the actual conduct of the concern; the rest of us chiefly confine ourselves to contributing designs when called for, as of course the plan is to effect something worth doing by coöperation, but without the least interfering with the individual pursuits of those among us who are painters. A name perhaps new to you on our list — but destined to be unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, in fame by any name of this generation — is Edward Burne-Jones. He is a painter still younger than most of us by a good deal, and who has not yet exhibited, except at some private places; but I cannot convey to you in words any idea of the exquisite beauty of all he does. To me no art I know is so delightful, except that of the best Venetians."

Among the "miscellaneous items" is a notice, taken from "The Athenæum," of the Præraphaelite Exhibition of 1857. In this,

Millais is spoken of as "the chief of the sect," Holman Hunt as "the apostle of the order," and Rossetti as "the original founder of the three-lettered race, who is generally spoken of by them in a low voice" and who "does not and will not exhibit in public." Præraphaelitism is praised, however, in that "its errors, eccentricities, and wilful aberrations are fast softening and modifying." A few months later there was held in New York an exhibit of pictures by English artists, in which the Præraphaelites were largely represented — and it is claimed by Mr. Stillman that their work was more fully appreciated in America than in England. Captain Ruxton, the manager of the exhibit, wrote: "P. R. Bism takes with the working men. They look, and they look, and they look, and they say something that the author of the picture would be pleased to hear."

I have indicated only the important matter of the volume. The poems by Miss Siddal are notable, but mainly so because of her early environment; the letters from Robert Browning are unimportant; and the literary criticism, though extremely interesting, consists of mere fragments. As for reading from these papers either the Præraphaelite doctrines or the characteristics of Rossetti's genius — a genius which far transcended all that that early "ism" could suggest — such reading is, as I have said, for those who know. They will mark (for example) a letter of Coventry Patmore's which affirms the symbolism of "The Passover," and one of Ruskin's which denies it; and they will recall Rossetti's beautiful sonnet for "The Passover," which begins —

> "Here meet together the prefiguring day
> And day prefigured —"

a comment which, even if inspired by Patmore, points out the discerning critic. Such faint hints as to Rossetti's qualities occur quite often in the book, and the little poem "At Last" — one of those mentioned — is distinctly Præraphaelite; but as to the meaning, spirit, and ideals of Præraphaelitism, there is nothing definite. The letters quoted, however, breathe something of the atmosphere of their time — and herein lies their chief value. The illustration of the book is in photogravure — the pictures selected for this being, with a single exception, Rossetti's work. The exception, a picture by W. L. Windus, is one which Rossetti greatly admired, and which takes its subject from the *naïve* and passionate old ballad of "Burd Helen."

MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON.

MUSICAL MATTERS, AND OTHERS.*

The books which are grouped together for mention in this article are all concerned, wholly or in part, with musical history or æsthetics; yet in two or three cases the contents are of so varied a nature that this commentary cannot avoid touching upon extra-musical matters, and the qualification of our title is thus accounted for. Before taking the books up one by one, we would like to call attention to the recent marked development, of which there is much more evidence than this list of books affords, of popular interest in musical subjects, of a better taste among listeners to music, and of a clearer comprehension of both the aims and the technique of the art. The number of people who can listen to a musical performance with intelligence and appreciative sympathy was never before in this country so large as it is at present, and it is a fortunate thing that the popular literature of the subject should keep pace with the growth of interest.

The book to which attention shall be called first of all is the collection of essays upon "Music and Poetry," which Mrs. Sidney Lanier has just brought together, partly from the periodicals of twenty and thirty years ago, partly from the manuscripts left by her husband at his death. It is well known that Lanier was a musician of no mean accomplishment, but it is not quite so well known — although it might be inferred safely enough from his treatise upon English verse as well as from the volume of his own poems — that he was a serious philosophical thinker

* MUSIC AND POETRY. Essays upon Some Aspects and Inter-Relations of the Two Arts. By Sidney Lanier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MUSIC AND MANNERS IN THE CLASSICAL PERIOD. Essays by Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

HOW MUSIC DEVELOPED. A Critical and Explanatory Account of the Growth of Modern Music. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE ORCHESTRA AND ORCHESTRAL MUSIC. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MEZZOTINTS IN MODERN MUSIC. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BY THE WAY. By William Foster Apthorp. Two volumes. Boston: Copeland & Day.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT, BROOK-FARMER, EDITOR, AND CRITIC OF MUSIC. A Biography by George Willis Cooke. Boston: Small, Maynard, & Co.

VOICE AND VIOLIN. Sketches, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences. By Dr. T. L. Phipson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

ANGELS' WINGS. A Series of Essays on Art and Its Relations to Life. By Edward Carpenter. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE PERFECT WAGNERITE. A Commentary on the Ring of the Niblungs. By Bernard Shaw. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

OLD SCORES AND NEW READINGS: Discussions on Musical Subjects. By John F. Runciman. New York: M. F. Mansfield & Co.

THE FRINGE OF AN ART: Appreciations in Music. By Vernon Blackburn. New York: M. F. Mansfield & Co.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. By Albert Lavignac. Translated by William Marchant. Edited, with Additions on Music in America, by H. E. Krehbiel. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

upon the art of music, its physical and psychological bases, and the secret of its deep appeal to the soul. That Lanier was this also, is made evident by the three essays which open the present volume, and which have for their titles "From Bacon to Beethoven," "The Orchestra of To-day," and "The Physics of Music." The first of these essays is the most important in the volume, and furnishes it with a key-note. The title embodies an antithesis which the author frames for the purpose of showing how very modern an art (as we understand it) music is, and which he hastens to illustrate by a quotation from the "Essays," in which "the wise fool Francis" expresses his contempt for all "fiddling." Having asserted the claim of music to be considered the modern art *par excellence*, the author goes on to make it very clear that a musical composition has no power to tell a story, although it may heighten the effect of a story by association with it. "Perhaps the most effectual step a man can take in ridding himself of the clouds which darken most speculations upon these matters is to abandon immediately the idea that music is a species of language — which is not true, — and to substitute for that the converse idea that language is a species of music." He meant by this substantially what Pater meant when, in "The School of Giorgione," he said: "All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music. Music, then, and not poetry, as is so often supposed, is the true type or measure of perfected art." We believe this idea to be fundamental to all rational discussion of musical æsthetics. Yet Lanier does not go to the extreme of condemning "programme-music," but rather urges that, although we should not be misled by it into an unsound logic, we may very properly enjoy it for what it really does accomplish. "Certainly if programme-music is absurd, all songs are nonsense." Again, nothing could be more soundly or beautifully put than Lanier's claim that music is a moral agent. These sentences will illustrate the point of view: "Just as persistently as our thought seeks the Infinite, does our emotion seek the Infinite." "It cannot be that music has taken this place in the deepest and holiest matters of man's life through mere fortuitous arrangement." The other musical essays contained in this collection are less valuable than that hitherto under discussion, and one of them, "The Physics of Music," is devoted to some rather unworthy quibbling over some contentions of Richard Grant White, who certainly knew more about the physical aspect of music than Lanier was willing to admit, although he never reached a true philosophy of the art. The literary essays are upon such subjects as Bartholomew Griffin, Chaucer, Shakespeare, John Barbour, Paul Hayne, and the use of nature-metaphors in poetry. They are all suggestive and worth reprinting, although rather fragmentary in their character.

Mr. Krehbiel's volume of essays on "Music and Manners in the Classical Period" is devoted to five main subjects. The first two, "A Poet's Music" and "Haydn in London," are studies based upon manuscript volumes in the author's possession. The second of these titles explains itself; the first relates to Thomas Gray, whose nine volumes of annotated transcriptions of music, made by the poet in Italy about 1740, contain examples of many forgotten composers and singers of the early eighteenth century. These two essays have a certain measure of curious historical interest, but little of any other kind. In "A Mozart Centenary," Mr. Krehbiel records his impressions of the Salzburg festival of 1891. The account is agreeably readable, and is supplemented by a brief paper on "Da Ponte in New York." Da Ponte, it will be remembered, was the librettist of "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze." He came to New York in 1805, and died there in 1838. His activity as a teacher of Italian and an interpreter of Dante in America has been discussed by Mr. T. W. Koch in his valuable work, "Dante in America," but it has remained for Mr. Krehbiel to write the story of his life, as far as it can be recovered, and to settle some disputed points in its chronology. In "Beethoven and His Biographer," Mr. Krehbiel writes of the life of A. W. Thayer, with extracts from his note-books, and describes the Beethoven Museum at Bonn. The closing essay, entitled "Reflections at Weimar," brings into conjunction and comparison the two periods of Weimar's artistic efflorescence — the period of Goethe and that of Liszt.

Mr. W. J. Henderson's "critical and explanatory account of the growth of modern music" is one of the most satisfactory books of its kind that we have ever read. It is, of course, an elementary sketch, being intended for the wider public that takes an interest in music without knowing much about it, but, within these limits, it is an exceptionally successful performance. If we were to make any general criticism upon its perspective, it would be that opera gets a disproportionate share of attention. The history is considered under three periods, the polyphonic, the classic, and the romantic. The first "is chiefly notable for its intellectual characteristics. It displays immense mastery of the elementary materials of music and an enormous profundity of thought in purely technical processes." In the second period "we find wonderful symmetry of form, a continual subordination of profound learning to a pleasing style, and a sweetness and serenity of the emotional atmosphere." In the third period, "one finds a constant struggle for the definite expression of the profoundest emotions of our nature. Its forms are flexible, its diction the richest attainable, and its conception of beauty based largely on its ideal of truth." Speaking generally of these periods, the author properly says:

"In listening to the music of any composer, the hearer should take into account the general tendency, purpose, and scope of musical art of his period, and also the particular aims of the composer. No one has a right to say that Mozart failed because he did not accomplish what Beethoven did. Mozart accomplished all that could be accomplished with the resources of musical art in his

day, and he himself enormously enlarged those resources. That is the achievement of a genius. Everyone has a right to say that Donizetti and Bellini failed because they not only did not succeed in accomplishing all that it was possible to accomplish in opera in their time, but deliberately ignored the fundamental principles of the art and also the immense advances in its technic made by Gluck and Mozart. Everyone must admit that Verdi has achieved the triumph of a great master in his 'Falstaff,' for he has utilized everything contributed to operatic art by its leading geniuses, old and new, and yet has produced an entirely original and independent work."

Besides such general criticism as this, the sanity of which is obvious, Mr. Henderson naturally has occasion to enrich his history with much critical comment of the specific sort. With this we are generally in agreement, although we should not be willing to say, for example, that "there is no depth, no sincerity, in the music of Rossini." There is not much, it is true; but "William Tell" remains one of the immortal masterpieces of the lyric drama. On the other hand, we believe that Mr. Henderson strikes the true critical note in his treatment of the man who was until about a year ago the greatest of living composers.

"Some time, I think, if not soon, the world will see how profoundly representative of his nation and his time Brahms was, and he will be hailed, as Milton was, an organ voice of his country. The irresistible seriousness of Germany has never spoken with more convincing accent than in the music of Brahms. There is a feeling in this music which is far removed from the possibility of a purely sensuous embodiment."

Another book by Mr. Henderson, the first in a new "Music Lover's Library," is entitled "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music." It may best be described in the author's own prefatory words, as "simply an attempt to give to music lovers such facts about the modern orchestra as will help them in assuming an intelligent attitude toward the contemporaneous instrumental body and its performances." Further, "the author has endeavored to put before the reader a description of each instrument, with an illustration which will enable him to identify its tone when next heard in the delivery of the passage quoted." Other chapters are devoted to the methods of scoring, historically considered, to the evolution of the conductor, and to the evolution of orchestral composition. The task attempted is no easy one, and Mr. Henderson has been perhaps as successful as was to be expected. Such a matter as the theory of transposing instruments is not easy of comprehension to the amateur. The writer does not seem always to have given his explanations in the simplest form possible. He gives a long account, with examples in notation, of the pitch of the string family of instruments. It would have been better to say outright that the viola is a fifth lower than the violin, and to describe the double-bass as tuned in fourths, exactly reversing the G D A E of the violin. But this is a minor matter. The book is mostly matter-of-fact in its statements, although now and then an anecdote or a bit of criticism comes in to enliven the treatise. Of the latter, this is an example:

"A symphony of Mozart orchestrated in the Richard Strauss style would be a tinted Venus; while a tone poem of Strauss scored *à la* Mozart would be like one of Cropsey's autumn landscapes reduced to the dead level of a pen-and-ink drawing."

By way of anecdote, the following is so good that it must be quoted:

"A conductor once went from another city to Boston to conduct an orchestra at the first appearance in this country of an eminent pianist, whose *pièce de résistance* was to be Liszt's E flat concerto. At the beginning of the scherzo there are some lightly tripping notes for the triangle, which the player struck too heavily to please the conductor's fancy. He rapped with his baton to stop the orchestra.

"'Sir,' he said, gravely, addressing the triangle player, 'those notes should sound like a blue-bell struck by a fairy.'

"Whereupon the whole body of instrumentalists burst into uncontrollable laughter. I told this story subsequently to a New York musician, a member of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, and he looked so amazed that I said:

"'But does n't Mr. Thomas talk to you at rehearsal?'

"'Oh, yes! Oh, certainly!' was the reply.

"'Well, what does he say?'

"'He says "D —— n!"'"

The book is illustrated by many passages of music printed in notation, and with eight portraits of eminent conductors, from Haydn to Mr. Nikisch.

Mr. James Huneker's "Mezzotints in Modern Music" have for their subjects Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Chopin, R. Strauss, Liszt, and Wagner. There is also a chapter on the literature of *études* for the piano. Indeed, Mr. Huneker's interest in the men of whom he writes is predominantly pianistic, although his windows are frequently opened for a wider outlook. The chapter on Brahms is highly eulogistic, although not unreservedly so, yet the writer is not without high appreciation of Wagner. On the whole, however, he holds Brahms to have been the greater and the more enduring artist of the two. Mr. Huneker's style is too pretentious, but he often says striking things. Here is a passage concerning the closing movement of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony in B minor:

"Since the music of the march in the 'Eroica,' since the mighty funeral music in 'Siegfried,' there has been no such death music as this *adagio lamentoso*, this astounding torso, which Michel Angelo would have understood and Dante wept over. It is the very apotheosis of mortality, and its gloomy accents, poignant melody, and harmonic coloring make it one of the most impressive of contributions to mortuary music. It sings of the entombment of a nation, and is incomparably noble, dignified, and unspeakably tender. It is only at the close that the rustling of the basses conveys a sinister shudder; the shudder of the Dies Iræ when the heavens shall be a fiery scroll and the sublime trump sound its summons to eternity."

Such writing cannot be freed from the charge of extravagance, although the subject in this case

almost justifies it. But the writer strains for his literary effects too frequently and too much to produce the best impression. In his reaction from the academic manner in criticism, he goes too far, like some of his English contemporaries, of whom we shall have a word to say a little later in this review.

Mr. W. F. Apthorp's two small volumes entitled "By the Way" consist of short essays upon musical subjects originally written for the programme-books of the Boston Symphony Orchestra during five years of the writer's editorship of that publication. Although he has set himself about "furbishing them up a bit" for publication in book form, these essays remain essentially what they were when written — musical journalism of a better than the usual sort, yet hardly literary productions in the more dignified sense. The process of furbishing should at least have expunged such colloquialisms as "from the word go" or that particularly vile phrase "a particularly brainy composer." It should also have led the writer to look up his Molière and avoid the error of saying "trombe marine" for "trompette marine." These essays are upon all sorts of subjects. A few taken at random are "Musical Slips," "The Influence of Surroundings," "People Who Hate Music," "Some Points in Modern Orchestration," "Tschaikowsky in Paris," and "Musical Reminiscences of Boston Thirty Years Ago." The last of these is one of a peculiarly interesting group anecdotal in character. We have heard, but do not remember to have seen in print before, the anecdote of Bülow, coming upon the platform after an atrociously bad piece of vocalization, and softly preluding on the theme from the Ninth Symphony:

"O brothers, these tones no longer! Rather let us join to sing in cheerful measures a song of joyfulness."

He had an intelligent audience, and the joke achieved complete success. Readers of Longfellow's early prose will recall the story of the French dramatist author whose piece was entitled "L'amour a vaincu Loth" (vingt culottes) the announcement of which was greeted from the gallery with the cry, "Qu'il en donne une à l'auteur," the author being known as an impecunious and seedy individual. This story is matched by Mr. Apthorp as follows: An actor had the line: "Mon père à manger m'apporte," and the interpellation from the gallery was: "Eh bien! alors, pourquoi donc que tu ne files pas?" Upon one of Mr. Apthorp's essays we feel impelled to comment. He is writing of "The Non-Musician's Enjoyment of Music," and seems really puzzled to understand how it is that a man may take pleasure in hearing a composition of the technical structure of which he cannot possibly have any grasp. That a musician should be thus perplexed makes us suspicious that he himself does not enjoy music in the true sense — that he subordinates the essence of such enjoyment to its accidents. It is much as if a philologist should ask how a reader can enjoy Shakespeare without knowing anything of the natural history of Shakespeare's language, or of the rhetorical and syntactical terminology with which the philologist sets forth his analysis. No doubt the complete knowledge of the musician may add to his enjoyment of a composition, but to assume that it supplies the chief element of that enjoyment is to misapprehend the very nature of all artistic achievement. The musician and the non-musician alike enjoy in music the rich emotional experience of the composer, in which they become temporary participants; this is the chief thing to say. In addition, the musician gets a certain intellectual satisfaction out of his appreciation of the structure of the work to which he is listening, but this is of small account in comparison with the message which the music has for all listeners alike, for the untrained no less than for the trained.

The transition is a natural one from Mr. Apthop's little books, which are largely reminiscent of the musical life of Boston in the sixties and seventies, to the interesting biography of John Sullivan Dwight, who was for nearly half a century the musical autocrat of the city in which he lived. In preparing this biography Mr. George Willis Cooke has done a highly acceptable piece of work, besides contributing an important new chapter to the spiritual history of New England's greatest period. The interest of Dwight's life is, of course, more than a narrowly musical one. It relates to Brook Farm and the Saturday Club only in lesser measure than to the art that he chose for his special domain of criticism. He knew most of the choice spirits of his time, and enjoyed both their esteem and their love. The story of his life is thus deeply rooted in all that was noblest and best in mid-century New England, and the associations evoked by its pages are indeed various. This extra-musical interest is so great that the book will find as many readers among those why do not care for the art ("Es muss doch solche Käuze geben") as among those who do. As a critic of music, and as editor of his "Journal" for twenty years, the influence of Dwight upon the development of taste was great and lasting, — this in spite of obvious limitations and shortcomings. And there is always something inspiring in the contemplation of any life which, like his, is consistently devoted to the furtherance of high ideals, and which scorns to purchase popular favor at the price of sincerity.

Dr. T. L. Phipson, the author of "Voice and Violin," is an old-timer in more senses than one. A writer who speaks of the "sublime beauties" of Bellini, comparing that tuneful composer with Dante and Shakespeare, cannot be taken very seriously; yet his volume of "Sketches, anecdotes, and reminiscences is by no means devoid of a certain sort of interest. The author is himself a veteran violinist, and this is not the first book of the kind that he has put forth. He draws upon a rich fund of pleasant material, gleaned from out-of-the-way sources and a life of personal associations with his fellow-artists, the whole being arranged with little or no coherence, and interesting in bits rather than as an entirety.

Music is only an incident, although an important

one, in the series of "essays on art and its relation to life" that Mr. Edward Carpenter has brought together into a volume entitled "Angels' Wings." The titular essay has for its text the query of many a child, on viewing the winged figures of sculpture and painting, as to how these beings got their clothes on, a query supplemented in maturer years by one concerning the anatomical difficulties of the conception of a winged human figure. To the author, the abandonment of wings in the later developments of art is symbolical of the process by which art first becomes real, and enters into the fullest relations with life. "Art and Democracy" is the essential subject of this entire volume (as it is the literal subject of one of the chapters), and we must say that we approached the author's treatment with misgivings. There has been so much rubbish written of late upon this subject, from Count Tolstoy down to the least of the Whitmaniacs, that suspicion is surely justifiable in such a case. Relief soon came, however, in a characterization of Count Tolstoy's "What Is Art?" as "that strange jumble of real acumen and bad logic, of large-heartedness and fanaticism," and the further expression of regret that the great Russian writer "should be so completely dominated by the fear of the senses." Mr. Carpenter's attempted parallel between Wagner, Millet, and Whitman, also gave us pause, until it was discovered that he did not push it to an illegitimate extent. Our misgivings thus removed, it was discovered that the essays were both stimulating and subtly suggestive, the product of a trained and regulated intellect, occupied with matters of the gravest human concern. The strictly musical section of the work is confined to the two chapters devoted to the sonatas and later symphonies of Beethoven. Here we have æsthetic interpretation of a very fine sort, which contrives to express the full of enthusiasm without plunging into excess of rhapsody. We commend these beautiful chapters to all lovers of music.

There has been much talk in England during the past two or three years concerning the "new criticism" of music. The foremost exponents of this development are Mr. G. Bernard Shaw and Mr. James F. Runciman, who have had for their special organ "The Saturday Review," and whose most characteristic work is represented by two volumes now at hand. Of this "new criticism" in general it may be said that it is so violent a reaction from the severely academic and technical method that it tends to defeat itself by its own excesses. It is bound to be startling at any cost, and in its straining for effects it strays far from the paths of sobriety. Yet we cannot deny that it makes interesting reading, is provocative of thought, and that a sound kernel is nearly always to be extracted from the husks of its paradoxical envelope. Mr. Shaw's "The Perfect Wagnerite," for example, is the work of a writer who really does appreciate the greatness of the Wagnerian art, and this being the case we shall not quarrel with him for seeking to make a preposterous interpretation of the Niblung story according to Wagner. If it amuses him to read a socialistic system of doctrine into the "Ring," it amuses his readers no less; and we have no fear that they will take the vagary any too seriously. We are given, for instance, such extraordinary interpretations as this of the Tarnhelm:

"This helmet is a very common article in our streets, where it generally takes the form of a tall hat. It makes a man invisible as a shareholder, and changes him into various shapes, such as a pious Christian, a subscriber to hospitals, a benefactor of the poor, a model husband and father, a shrewd, practical, independent Englishman, and what not, when he is really a pitiful parasite on the commonwealth, consuming a great deal, and producing nothing, knowing nothing, believing nothing, and doing nothing except what all the rest do, and that only because he is afraid not to do it, or at least pretend to do it."

Mr. Runciman, dedicating his "Old Scores and New Readings" to the quondam editor of the "Review" in which the chapters first saw the light, makes some attempt to explain the attitude toward music of the "new critic."

"If criticism is to be written at all, it must be written with a view of giving us new sensations and emotions and thoughts: it must open a new world to our view, the world created by the energy and temperament of the man who writes it. . . . I claim to look at music with the expert's knowledge and with all my faculties, to see it always in relation to humanity, to all the activities, thoughts, desires, joys, and sorrows of humanity: in a word, in relation to life. To me an opera or mass of Mozart or a symphony of Beethoven is not only a complete thing, but also an extension of the composer's individuality, which I never forget nor could find it possible to forget."

This is certainly a lucid statement of a doctrine essentially sound, our only objection being to its excess of emphasis upon the subjective element of criticism; for in music, as in literature, we believe in the existence of objective standards, which it is the business of the critic to recognize, and to assert in every possible way. Mr. Runciman is three-fourth a sane and rational critic; the other fourth of him, we regret to say, is compounded of paradox and prejudice. But he has all due reverence for the masters — Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner — and expresses it in no merely perfunctory forms of speech. He has, moreover, the saving grace of a true appreciation of Mozart, and he who has this cannot go far astray. Mr. Runciman has produced what is certainly one of the most readable books of musical criticism that have ever come to our notice.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn, who for a time took Mr. Runciman's place as critic for the "Saturday," is a gentler spirit who writes graceful little papers round about music — "The Fringe of an Art," he appropriately names his volume. He is a trifle oversubtle at times, as in the following distinction between melody and tune:

"Tune is melody a little overripe. The adjectives that are applicable to melody are of an order altogether different from those applicable to tune. You associate tune with a suspicion of slang; melody demands the

language of literature. The quality, for instance, that gives melody the title of 'beautiful' inspires you to call a tune 'fetching.' Gluck never wrote a 'tune' in his life; Rossini seldom wrote pure melody."

And yet there is an undoubted truth back of this rather strained antithesis. Sometimes Mr. Blackburn gives us a pretty epigram, as when he calls Tschaikowsky "a barbarian smitten by the musical *Zeit-geist*." And sometimes he writes words of true inspiration, as these of Wagner's last work:

"Just now I compared the whole work to the opening and shutting of a flower; and I would use the same illustration to describe the separate *motifs*—and particularly the Good Friday music — of 'Parsifal.' They open, as it were, like the petals of a flower, slowly expanding, to reveal the depth and beauty of the blossom, and they close rhythmically, leaving unutterable memories, and dim, tearful signs of beauty within the inner circles of the heart. They are full of thoughts that lie too deep for tears. Long after the ear has listened to the actual sound, they return with a power, with an overwhelming and indefinite shadowing, that make this music a thing forever apart and sacred."

If one had to restrict his musical library to a single volume, we doubt if he could do better than select the work called "Music and Musicians" which has just been translated from the French of M. Albert Lavignac. It is only a few months since we reviewed M. Lavignac's admirable work on Wagner; and we find in this new volume the same lucidity of exposition, the same economy of arrangement, and the same comprehensiveness that make the Wagner volume one of the very best that have ever been prepared upon its subject. "Music and Musicians" gives us the acoustics of music, the grammar of the art, the description of the instruments which express it, and its history stated with much biographical and bibliographical detail. The volume is in fact, although not in form, a veritable encyclopædia of music, and will be found equally satisfactory as a work of reference and as a text-book for the actual study of counterpoint, the structure of instruments, the history of music, and the physical basis of musical production. A few supplementary pages, by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, add American composers to M. Lavignac's list, and put the finishing touch of usefulness upon a work which we cordially recommend to both students and general readers.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Men and measures of Jackson's time.

Whatever else the critics may say of Mr. Charles H. Peck's book on "The Jacksonian Epoch" (Harper), they are pretty certain to agree that it is readable. The period has always been one of great interest to students of our history and politics, and it is more likely to become still more interesting than less as time goes on. No doubt the "questions" of the epoch, or at least most of them, are now seen to have been monstrously exaggerated by the men who participated in their discussion; but the loss of interest on this score is more than made up by the better understanding of the epoch itself as a period of national transition. Then, Mr. Peck is well read on his theme, and has thrown his materials into good literary form. He is, indeed, altogether too sure of some things, but his very positiveness will be one of the best features of his book to some minds. Another of his merits is his distinct conception of the fact that, in the epoch treated, far less was due to what Carlyle called "individualities," and far more to general causes, than our fathers supposed. He sees clearly, for example, that General Jackson was a man of his time, and the Jackson party a party of its time; he sees that the American republic was bound not only to become democratized, but to become democratized in a rude way; and yet he might advantageously have used space that he has given to minor matters to give a fuller and better exposition of the causes that made these things inevitable. The topic is an inviting one, and has never been adequately treated in all its bearings by any writer. So confident a writer as our author with such a subject could not have avoided offering numerous moot points to the critic. Here it must be said that if he is never dull he is often wrong or paradoxical. We read on one page that John Randolph, having retired from political leadership, "remained to the end of his days the most consistent advocate, barring his occasional extravagances and abberrations, of the true theory of government," and on another page that he organized the South to a systematic defense of the slaveholding interest, and formulated the political theory by which it was to be maintained; moreover, this theory "was wholly derived from the political doctrines with which he had begun public life." The meaning, of course, is that Randolph's devotion to slavery was merely one of his "extravagances" or "abberrations," and ought not to be counted against him in determining his rank as a political philosopher. Mr. Peck adds: "It is one of the seeming paradoxes of politics that the ablest early exponents of democracy were slaveholders." From his point of view he should have added, "and often aristocrats." The account of the introduction of the spoils system presents some very just observations and important facts that the student of the time needs to heed, but it cannot be accepted as a proper presentation of the subject. Mr. Peck thinks that John Quincy Adams was more to blame for the system than Jackson, owing to his absolute refusal to allow political considerations to influence the retention or selection of appointees, which stimulated the clamor and the efforts of the multiplying "outs." Even more unsatisfactory is the handling of the slavery question. The author sees that slavery was a great evil, but he criticizes all the men who strove to oppose it, and the Abolitionists with great fierceness; but he does not, that we remember, drop a single hint as to what should have been done in reference to slavery. Nothing

is easier than to criticize every practical proposition that was ever made, looking to the doing away of the institution, or to restricting its influence; but it was in the country, and something had to be done about it, as a writer of history at this late day ought to discern.

Chapters from the inner life of a philosopher.

There are few books of the past year which thoughtful readers will find better worth perusal than Mr. John Beattie Crozier's remarkable piece of mental autobiography entitled "My Inner Life" (Longmans). Mr. Crozier is the distinguished author of two profound and original works (one of them as yet unfinished) in the field of social philosophy; and upon the general system therein unfolded the present Life has certain specific bearings. As we gather from the author's brief Autobiography, one of the main considerations that led him to compose the present work was the belief that the philosophic system elaborated in his books on "Civilization and Progress" and "The History of Intellectual Development" could be most clearly expounded and in a measure popularized through a detailed account of the successive steps by which it grew and took shape in his own mind. We may therefore regard "My Inner Life" not only as an autobiography proper (and it is a thoroughly charming and singularly candid one), but as in some sort a clew or supplement to the author's larger works. With a generous leaven of lighter episode and digression, Mr. Crozier traces in the main the story of his intellectual life and effort, from the immature days of his early dabblings in phrenology down to the period of measurably settled philosophic conviction. The chapters describing the author's earlier examination of the various abstruser philosophic systems are rich in comment and suggestion, and they should prove most helpful to the tyro in need of those brief indicatory hints or flashes of elementary exposition and illustration which so often are to the puzzled beginner the magic key to the essential understanding of a novel system of thought. Mr. Crozier's account of the simple mental devices and homely comparisons that helped him through his first perplexities in respect to thinkers like Kant and Emerson may well prove serviceable to the student whose path is blocked by like difficulties. Very delightful and refreshingly free from stale conventions are Mr. Crozier's chapters on men like Macaulay, De Quincey, Hazlitt, Carlyle, Arnold, Addison,— the exemplars of literary form to whom he turned successively during the period of his efforts to achieve a style that might serve to allure the public to a consideration of his ideas. The opening chapters of the volume sketch with a light and animated touch the story of the writer's boyhood in a Canadian town, and introduce to us some odd, Shandean humorists — notably a queer character called the "Man with the Bootjack," of whom Mr. Crozier might make much should he care to turn his hand to fiction. The book has a rich anecdotal and reminiscential side. The most amusing chapter in this kind tells of a visit to Carlyle at Chelsea, undertaken by the author with a view of finding counsel and solace at a time of spiritual difficulties. He found the oracle in a bad humor, which was vented in abuse of eminent fellow-thinkers whom Mr. Crozier was rash enough to quote as worth consideration. Stuart Mill, for instance, was waved aside by the sage as "a thin, wire-drawn, sawdustish, logic-chopping kind of body," while Herbert Spencer was flatly dubbed "An immeasurable ass!" As to the latter thinker, Mr. Carlyle went on to say: "And so ye have been meddling with Spencer, have ye? He was brought to me by Lewes, and a more conceited young man I thought I had never seen. He seemed to think himself just a perfect Owl of Minerva for knowledge!" and then, looking fiercely at Mr. Crozier, "ye 'll get little good out of him, young man." Must it not be regretfully owned that, with all his genius, Thomas Carlyle's nature was warped by some of the meanest, most hateful qualities that can disfigure humanity? Mr. Crozier's book is a rarely readable, multifarious, and nutritive one of is kind; and we heartily recommend it to our readers.

Mystery and romance of the Austrian Empress.

That the late Elizabeth of Austria, a woman whose dislike of publicity became latterly a sort of mania, and who had ever loved to draw the veil of privacy alike over her benefactions and her sorrows, should have met death at the hands of a man whose chief motive for his deed was a thirst for notoriety, suggests a dramatic contrast. Not long before the tragedy at Geneva, Luccheni, the assassin, said to a friend, "I am going to kill some person of high rank, so that I can at last see my name in the newspapers." This wretched fellow seems to have been a mere "notoriety crank" of the dangerous sort who turn naturally to murder as the swiftest and surest means of gaining the distinction they crave. The web of the career of Elizabeth of Austria was woven largely of sorrow and romance, and the terrible closing episode of her life was scarcely more grimly tragic than some incidents that preceded it. Elizabeth was warm-hearted, generous, visionary, and eccentric. She was a rarely interesting and striking personality, and much was written of her during her life and immediately after her death. The two handsome volumes now before us — "Elizabeth Empress of Austria," by A. De Burgh (Lippincott), and "The Martyrdom of an Empress" (Harper),— represent, we think, the first attempts at a full and definitive account of her life and character. Both books are extremely readable, and each occupies a field of its own. Mr. De Burgh gives us a fairly written and tolerably accurate continuous biographical sketch, in which the profuse and well chosen illustrations form a commendable feature. The anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" confines herself in the main to matter of her own personal observation and recollection. Her attitude is frankly

that of an adorer of her heroine, and her adoration is clearly unfeigned and not ill-grounded. She describes herself as having been for some time the Empress's "only confidante and truest friend," and readers seeking personal details and "revelations" as to family concerns and secrets will find their account in her book. A notable chapter is the one wherein the writer unriddles, or professes to unriddle, the ghastly episode at Mayerling, to which the gossiping world has long sought the key. The book is picturesquely and effusively written, and bears every evidence of originating from the fulness of immediate knowledge. Many guesses will doubtless be made at the author's identity. There are a number of pleasing illustrations, mainly portraits.

The sportsman's Encyclopædia.

In our issue of March 1, 1898, we reviewed at some length the initial volume of the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire's "Encyclopædia of Sport." The second and concluding volume (Li — Z) of this sumptuous work is now issued (Putnam) and it shows the same wealth of illustration and degree of expert collaboration that we praised in its predecessor. There are twenty full-page photogravures, together with a profusion of text-cuts; and the table of contents shows a great array of names whose authority sportsmen throughout the English-speaking world will recognize. Among these we may note Sir W. M. Conway, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. John Bickerdyke, Mr. Caspar Whitney, Captain Hutton, Mr. G. E. A. Ross, Lord Dunraven, Mr. A. Rogers, Mr. A. E. T. Watson, Mr. A. Trevor-Battye, etc. In short, each article has been undertaken by a well-known expert and enthusiast in the branch of sport it treats of. Racing, Riding, Mountaineering, the Moors, the Partridge, the Pheasant, the Red Deer, Rowing, Yachting, Shooting, Salmon, Wrestling, Trout, Swimming, Skating, are among the leading themes in this volume. We were a little surprised to find included an article on *Snakes* — snake-hunting being a form of sport we should scarcely expect to see anyone given to. But Mr. P. W. L'Estrange, who contributes this section, writes with due enthusiasm of his pet pastime, and favors us with some explicit directions how to catch and keep snakes — which we shall be very careful not to follow. The volumes make a good showing in their substantial bindings of dark-green buckram; and they certainly form a very desirable adjunct to the sportsman's library.

A forecaster of electric science fifty years ago.

Dr. Sylvanus P. Thompson has done a real service in his clear and concise memoir of the great physicist Faraday (Macmillan). At the Royal Institution of London, Faraday was the connecting link between Davy and Tyndall. Beginning with chemistry, his work was expended mainly upon studies which led to the discovery of the fundamental principles of the electric science of to-day. His mental vision was singularly acute. It discriminated clearly the facts revealed by his skilful experimentation, it perceived the relations between these facts and the science then known, and by an intuition almost divine it discerned the avenues leading to further progress. Like our own Henry, he made his life wholly unselfish. He bent all his energies to the elucidation of science, and was singularly oblivious to the seductions of wealth. For years he served the Royal Institution for the pittance of $500 per annum, with fuel, lights, and the house-room of two apartments for himself and his wife. Afterwards he was made rich with a pension of $1500 per annum. Although constantly making discoveries of great commercial value, he never claimed for them any patent rights. It cannot be said of him, as of a famous American electrician, that the grass could not grow in the path between his laboratory and the patent office. The most notable of Faraday's discoveries were those of terrestrial magnetism; the para-magnetic or dia-magnetic qualities which characterize and classify all substances; and the basic principles of magneto-electric induction which foreshadowed all the remarkable modern developments in dynamic electricity and the uses of electric motors. He was not forgetful of the practical utilities of the forces he found. For example, in 1847 he proposed to the officials of Trinity House to mark harbor channels with incandescent lights carrying electric platinum wire spirals, and later gave much attention to the lighting of lighthouses by electricity. His life furnishes a most inspiring chapter in the history of modern science.

A modern book on an ancient city.

Scattered through the pages of history, such accounts as there are of the city of Rouen leave little impression of its importance; brought into the compass of a single book — as in the pretty volume in the "Mediæval Towns" series (Macmillan) written by Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook, illustrated by Helen M. James and Jane E. Cook,— the ancient city fairly looms. The book is interesting, and serves to bind one's knowledge into a compact and portable sheaf. Rouen is recalled as the closing scene in the tragic history of Joan of Arc. It is also the city whence William the Bastard set forth for his conquest of England; the home of those delicious kings of Yvetôt whom Béranger sang and Thackeray kept in memory; the birthplace of Corneille, for whom a street has been named; the place of Lord Clarendon's death; the former residence of Pascal, where he invented his calculating machine, — and a long list of other matters of less interest are to be gathered from these annals. The book is delicately and beautifully illustrated, and well provided with maps.

With Peary near the Pole.

Lieutenant Peary made two campaigns to northern Greenland in the seasons of '91–'92 and '93–'94. Among his associates was a hardy Norwegian youth, Eivind Astrup, who was both a close observer, and a ready fellow for all the peculiar conditions which befall an explorer. This young man has given us,

in "With Peary Near the Pole" (Lippincott), a very readable book. After briefly outlining the two campaigns, he takes the points of interest by chapters. The most instructive of these are "The Natives of Smith's Sound," "Hunting," "Sledge Journeys of the Esquimaux," "The Esquimaux Manner of Life, Customs, Character, Moral and Social Circumstances," "Intelligence and Artistic Gifts, Religious Ideas, Customs," etc. The Greenland dog also claims large attention, as he is the most important factor in Esquimau-travelling. The author vividly sets before his readers the hardships of that frozen clime, the life of its hardy occupants, and the struggle for existence on the part of every living thing. The results of the expeditions were not great, but the good done the natives, the more certain definition of some coast-line of Greenland, and a knowledge through other eyes of the life of those regions, fully justify the appearance of this contribution of Mr. Astrup.

A heroine of the nations.

In the "feminine renaissance" now upon us, one of the most interesting features is the sort of book which is becoming possible through the remarkable interest taken by woman in herself and her ancestresses. While a number of paltry novels continue to pour out upon the world for the more belated of the sisterhood, such a book as "The Reign of Margaret of Denmark" (London: T. Fisher Unwin), by Mary Hill, is surely in response to the newly awakened sense of feminine importance. Queen Margaret was one of those earlier women who found time both to rock the cradle and to rule the world (to adapt Wallace's phrase), the latter very literally so far as the Scandinavian peninsula is concerned. She was daughter to that King Valdemar who made a rather famous reply to the Pope upon occasion; wife to Hakon, King of Norway; mother to Olaf, King of Denmark; mother by marriage to Philippa, daughter of Henry IV. of England; conqueror of Albert, king of Sweden, upon whose captive head she set a fool's cap in reply to an earlier gift from him of a stone to sharpen her scissors on; and was in every respect a queenly, almost a kingly, woman. Miss Hill has brought the scanty facts concerning her into a succinct and very entertaining narrative, which should be exceedingly encouraging to all women of to-day who need encouragement.

Home and private life of Tolstoy.

Matter as intimate as that which goes to make up P. A. Sergyeenko's "How Count L. N. Tolstoy Lives and Works" (Crowell) is seldom free from fulsomeness; but if a minor modern Boswell, Sergyeenko is still a Boswell,— moreover, he has a keen sense of humor. Pleasant anecdote enlivens his pages, and goes far to redeem what might be called the "cant of familiarily with the great." Upon an occasion, Tolstoy was recognized on the street by an admirer not less drunk than enthusiastic. Rushing up to the author, with rolling eye, he exclaimed, "Oh, Count Tolstoy, I am your adorer and imitator!" The irrepressible American, man and woman, visits the Count with frequency. Two of our women called one day to inform him that they had travelled around the world in opposite directions, and were now met at his house in accordance with their agreement. "You might have made a better use of your time," said he. "There! I told you he 'd say something like that," they exclaimed to one another. The book, for all its praise, leaves the chief of Russian writers human, which is probably all that should be asked from it in addition to the undoubted entertainment it provides. Miss Isabel F. Hapgood furnishes the translation, and the book is attractively illustrated.

The law of copyright.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, essayist, member of parliament, queen's counsel, and professor of law at University College, London, is an ideal lecturer on such a topic as is now embodied in "The Law of Copyright"; and his small book forms a suitable and valuable appendix to the greater work on the same subject from the pen of Mr. George Haven Putnam, who, fitly, is the publisher also of Mr. Birrell's book. The latter has given the subject a literary treatment — what could deserve one more? — and is most amiably enthusiastic over the future. While he adds not a great deal to the information contained in the larger American work, he does present another point of view, and is exceedingly encouraging.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mme. Blanc (Th. Bentzon) is a most industrious maker of books, and turns to the account of "copy" whatever sort of experience happens to come her way. A list of no less than thirty-three volumes is now credited to her pen, the last of these being a collection of "Notes de Voyage" concerning "Nouvelle-France et Nouvelle-Angleterre" (Paris: C. Lévy). Three-fourths of this readable volume are devoted to Canada, its women, its education, and its scenery. The other fourth is a series of rapid impressions of New England. Mme. Blanc is always a pleasing writer, and we have read these random sketches with much interest.

The "Text-Book of General Physics" (Ginn), prepared by Drs. Charles S. Hastings and Frederick E. Beach of Yale University, is a work of advanced grade for the use of colleges and scientific schools. It is essentially "a strictly quantitative study of various transferences and transformations of energy," and as such, treats the subject of mechanics in an exceptionally thorough manner. It presupposes trigonometry but not calculus. We note one special feature in the form of a chapter on the limiting powers of optical instruments.

A welcome volume in the "Temple Classics" series (Macmillan) is that containing the "Shorter Poems" of Shelley, edited by Mr. H. Buxton Forman. The volume includes only what may be called the longest of Shelley's shorter poems, fifteen or sixteen in all; the short lyrics being (presumably) reserved for a separate volume.

Literary Notes.

"An Oral Arithmetic," by Mr. J. M. White, is just published by the American Book Co.

"Nature Study for Grammar Grades" by Mr. Wilbur S. Jackman, is a recent publication of the Macmillan Co.

The American Book Co. publish a new edition of "The Guyot Geographical Reader and Primer," by Mrs. Mary Howe Smith Pratt.

The "Bacchæ" of Euripides, text and translation into English verse, edited by Professor Alexander Kerr, is published by Messrs. Ginn & Co.

To the series of small books called "History for Young Readers" (Appleton), a volume on "Spain," by Mr. Frederick A. Ober, has just been added.

Mr. Hamlin Garland's "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" is now published by the Macmillan Co., from whom we have just received a tasteful new edition of the novel.

Dr. B. A. Hinsdale's well-authenticated work on "The Old Northwest," issued several years ago, is to appear in a new and revised edition from the press of Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co.

Messrs. Eldredge & Brother publish a revised edition of the text-book by John S. Hart, entitled "A Manual of Composition and Rhetoric." The revision has been made by Professor James Morgan Hart.

Professor N. P. Gilman, whose book on "Profit Sharing" appeared a few years ago, is at work on a related volume to be issued in the Fall by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. with the title "A Dividend to Labor."

The phenomenal success of "Mr. Dooley" justifies his publishers (Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.) in announcing a new book by him, "Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen," to be published in a few months. His first book, "Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War," has, it is said, reached a sale of fifty thousand copies.

The Chautauqua Assembly announcements for 1899 include a number of courses in literature, among them being lectures by Professor C. T. Winchester of Wesleyan University; Professor Alcée Fortier of Tulane University; and Mr. Walter H. Page, the editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," who will treat "The Practical Aspects of Literature."

A call has been issued for the organization of an Illinois Historical Society, an institution which is eminently desirable. A preliminary meeting of those interested will be held at the University of Illinois, on the nineteenth of this month, and all who wish to do so are invited to attend. A special rate of one fare for the round trip to Champaign can be had from all points in the State.

The Superintendent of Public Schools in Chicago has, it is stated by the daily press, instructed the school principals to teach their pupils that "thru" spells *through*, "altho" spells *although*, and other philological vagaries. If there are any "fine old educational mastodons" in our School Board, this seems to be a case where the mastodontic foot should be put down, and put down hard.

A valuable addition to American bibliography is furnished in the new Catalogue of Authors whose works are published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. It includes the best of our native writers of the century, and illustrates the supremacy of this house in American literature. The catalogue, with more than two hundred pages, well printed and neatly bound in boards, gives brief biographical sketches of the authors, with the titles of their books and the year of their publication. Great care has been taken to secure accuracy and precision of statement. The frontispiece contains a photogravure of a group of six great American authors — Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell.

Heretofore there has been but one scientific journal in the world devoted to the prevention and cure of tuberculosis; this was published at Paris. Another of like character has now been started in this country, at Asheville, N. C. It is a well-printed quarterly, with Dr. Karl von Ruck, a prominent specialist, as editor, and Mr. A. H. McQuilkin, well and favorably known in Chicago, as publisher.

It is expected that the "War of the Rebellion — Record of the Union and Confederate Armies," that most elaborate of our Government publications, will be completed in little over a year. Begun in 1874, the work has gone deliberately on, and will represent, when completed, an outlay of nearly three millions of dollars. The total number of volumes will be one hundred and twenty-nine, of which only about fifteen are yet unprinted or undistributed.

The University of Wisconsin has hitherto had no summer session, although Madison has been a favorite meeting-place for institutions of the Chautauqua type. The University now announces a summer school of six weeks' duration, beginning July 3, 1899. The courses cover all the principal departments, and are fully manned by resident and non-resident lecturers. Credit toward degrees will be given for work done at this session, just as has been the case from the start with the University of Chicago, of whose example the sister institution is evidently emulous.

Some curious questions regarding the rights of literary property are raised by a suit against Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, brought by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who appears to have quite regained his vigorous health. It seems that the firm named lately purchased from various American publishers of Mr. Kipling's works some copies of these books in sheets, which they then bound up in their own styles of covers and offered for sale in their retail store in complete sets. So far, there was nothing unusual in this, the re-binding of books being common in the retail trade, and the sheets purchased yielding Mr. Kipling, of course, whatever royalty was fixed between him and his authorized publishers who sold the sheets to the Messrs. Putnam. There was thus evidently no intention to interfere with the author's rights of royalty, since he was sure of his legal percentages, no matter in what form the works were sold. But in re-binding the volumes the Messrs. Putnam had given the set the name of "Brushwood edition," and used decorations which are claimed to be in the nature of trade-marks; and here the legal rights are not so easily determinable. A further grievance is the inclusion, in this alleged "edition," of matter which Mr. Kipling repudiates; and the arrangement of the pieces and the general scheme he regards as unauthorized and injurious. The developments of the suit will be watched with much interest. It is but fair to add that the defendants have a reputation for punctiliousness in their regard for the rights of authors as well as for the courtesies of the trade; and any injury sustained by Mr. Kipling through them will be felt to be an inadvertence rather than a deliberate or conscious attempt at wrong.

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 84 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Oliver Cromwell: A History. By Samuel Harden Church, Litt.D. "Commemoration" edition; illus. in photogravure, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 550. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6. *net.*

Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain (Camarera-Mayor). By Constance Hill. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 256. R. H. Russell. $1.75.

Thaddeus Stevens. By Samuel W. McCall. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 369. "American Statesmen." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

HISTORY.

Austria. By Sidney Whitman, with the collaboration of J. R. Mellraith. Illus., 12mo, pp. 407. "Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

History up to Date: A Concise Account of the War of 1898. By William A. Johnston. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 258. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.

Germany: Her People and their Story. By Augusta Hale Gifford. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 604. Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.75.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

A Literary History of Ireland. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Douglas Hyde, LL.D. With frontispiece, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 634. "Library of Literary History." Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

Retrospects and Prospects: Descriptive and Historical Essays. By Sidney Lanier. 12mo, pp. 228. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Godfrida: A Play in Four Acts. By John Davidson. 16mo, uncut, pp. 123. John Lane. $1.50.

Pan and the Young Shepherd: A Pastoral in Two Acts. By Maurice Hewlett. 12mo, uncut, pp. 140. John Lane. $1.25.

Heart of Man. By George Edward Woodberry. 12mo, uncut, pp. 329. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Writings of James Monroe. Edited by Stanislaus Murray Hamilton. Vol. II., 1794-1796. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 494. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

The Law's Lumber Room. By Francis Watt. Second series; 16mo, uncut, pp. 202. John Lane. $1.50.

The Penalties of Taste, and Other Essays. By Norman Bridge. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 164. H. S. Stone & Co.

The Religion of Mr. Kipling. By W. B. Parker. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 22. M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels. 50c.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Rendered into English verse by Edward FitzGerald. 18mo, uncut, pp. 111. "Golden Treasury Series." Macmillan Co. $1.

Ballads and Miscellanies. By W. M. Thackeray. "Biographical" edition. With Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, and a Life of the Author by Leslie Stephen. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 731. Harper & Brothers. $1.75.

The Antigone of Sophocles. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by George Herbert Palmer. 12mo, pp. 100. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cts.

Temple Classics. Edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A. New vols.: De Quincey's Confessions of an Opium-Eater, edited by Walter Jerrold; Shelley's Shorter Poems, edited by H. Buxton Forman. Each with photogravure portrait, 24mo, gilt top, uncut. Macmillan Co. Per vol., 50 cts.

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For Better or Worse? By Conrad Howard. 12mo, uncut, pp. 279. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Carpet Courtship: A Story of Some Imperfect Persons. By Thomas Cobb. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 171. John Lane. $1.

Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. By Hamlin Garland. New edition; 12mo, gilt top, pp. 354. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

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The Story of Our War with Spain. By Elbridge S. Brooks. Illus., 8vo, pp. 349. Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.

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